The IDLER

Public Occurrences, Comment, Excursions & Rational Entertainment

Nr 17 FEBRUARY 1966 35c THE COPY

We Are Fed Up

Not Just a Local Matter

IN SEARCH OF VINLAND

Other Current Matters

WASHINGTON, D.C., HAS a population greater than that of Alaska, Delaware, Hawaii, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Hampshire, North Dakota, South Dakota or Wyoming.

Each of these states is represented in Congress by two senators and at least one representative.

Each of these states has a governor and a state legislature to administer local affairs.

Washington, D.C., has neither representatives in Congress nor local self-government. This city is administered by an appointed three-man board of commissioners. Its local laws are passed upon by the entire U. S. Congress.

Those of us who live in Washington, who love our city, and who are concerned over its numerous problems are fed up with this arrangement.

We are fed up with having our affairs run by men unaccountable to the people.

We are fed up with taxation without representation.

We are fed up with the powerful chairman of the House District Committee who admitted recently that he only spends "about one full day a month on District affairs."

We are fed up with being denied, because of the power of bigoted yet influential men, and because of selfish business interests, the chance to govern our own community in a decent and progressive manner.

We are fed up with Congressmen who vote against home rule on such unsubstantial grounds as their fear that it might produce higher local liquor prices or increased taxi fares.

We are fed up with local bureaucrats who treat District residents with indifference, secure in the knowledge that there is nothing the citizen can do about it.

We are fed up with District administrators who have repeatedly and grossly underestimated the real financial needs of the city in their requests to Congress.

We are fed up with school buildings so dilapidated that whole floors can not be used for fear they may collapse under the weight of children.

We are fed up with a school in which over a hundred children have to share one wash basin.

We are fed up with a school system in which, by its own superintendent's admission, more money is spent per child in white sections of town than in Negro sections.

We are fed up with national legislators who complain about Washington's crime problem and then refuse to appropriate sufficient money for a well-trained, adequate police force.

We are fed up with District officials more interested in building highways than in solving social problems.

We are fed up with a cruel and inadequate public welfare program.

We are fed up with too little recreational space, too poor schools, too

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The Idler

Published 11 months a year in Washington, D. C., for the edification, information, and entertainment of its readers. Thirty-five Cents the copy. Three Dollars a year (Four Dollars abroad).

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Circulation, correspondence, coffee:
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Printer: Warren Printing Company
6 State St.
Warren, R. I.
401-245-8888

little decent housing and too few adequate medical facilities for the poor.

Above all, we are fed up with our total inability under the current governmental structure to do anything effective about our problems.

We are helpless to act because we are disenfranchised. We need self-government and we need it as soon as possible. The problems of America's cities are compounding themselves at an alarming rate. They are hard enough to solve with home rule; without local self-government—with only a government controlled by men indifferent to the real needs of the city—they are impossible to solve.

Congress could grant Washington home rule this year. Or it could adopt a compromise—known as the Sisk bill—that would delay home rule anywhere from one year to infinity. Or it could kill the matter entirely.

Only the first alternative is desirable. The Sisk bill, with its provision for resubmitting the home rule question to Congress after a city charter has been locally devised, proposes a totally unnecessary delay. It is a measure that is in large part sham, and was eagerly seized upon by the bigot bloc in the House of Representatives as a last ditch maneuver to avoid home rule. Its superficial appeal has, unfortunately, attracted others to it.

The Sisk bill gives the impression that Washingtonians would be given a full opportunity to participate in forming the ground-rules for their self-government. This is tripe. Nothing of the sort is possible, since self-government ultimately depends upon the grant of Congress and what Washingtonians would *like* to have in the way of home rule must inevitably be subordinated to what they can get Congress to approve. The local consensus is meaningless compared with the political realities on Capitol Hill. The nature of a home rule bill Congress might approve is pretty well known. It is now a matter of getting the votes and making the compromises necessary to get them. No possible advantage can accrue by simply delaying the matter further.

It may seem to many readers that this is a local question of little concern to them. It is a local matter. In the same way that the Rhodesian crisis is a local matter. Or the Union of South Africa. Or Mississippi. Surely, in a country that is ostensibly committed to the concept of self-determination as the first step towards a decent community, there can be no room for the anomaly of a capital inhabited by 800-thousand citizens deprived of the right of self-determination.

If Rhodesia concerns us, then the situation in Washington should anger us. For in the case of Washington the nation has the full power to change things. The Senate has passed home rule bills many times. The House last year came close to passing one before it was sidetracked by the Sisk switch. We could get home rule this year. But there must be more pressure from out-

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side Washington, more concern by those who see three-quarters of a million fellow citizens helpless to improve their community through the processes of democracy, more who will not shrug off Washington's desire for self-government as just a local matter.

Yes, Washington's desire for home rule is a local matter. But then, who ever heard of a place called Watts before last summer?

Elevate them a little lower

OF THE MANY FRIGHTENING things about Vietnam, perhaps the most disturbing is the fear that this Administration has been willing to pay too high a price for victory there. The recent "peace offensive" lessened this fear somewhat, but the deep uneasiness remains.

There are good reasons for the American presence in Vietnam. Our power can be justifiably used to help prevent the Communists from wiping out those Vietnamese who don't want to live under Ho. And it also can be reasonably used to create a peaceful environment in which political and economic problems can be solved.

But the fact that there are reasonable goals for us in Vietnam does not mean that we are justified in using any means to reach these goals or that we should pay any price to reach them. The Administration gives the strong impression that it fails to realize this.

It is distressing to hear the Secretary of State glibly threaten the Chinese Communists in a petulant manner reminiscent of Mao himself. It is horrifying to think that the President is being advised by men who think Vietnam is worth a world war if necessary. And it is discouraging to see our foreign policy objectives elsewhere in the world frustrated and forgotten because of our psychotic preoccupation with Vietnam.

The do-or-die attitude about Vietnam in some high quarters is disturbing. Vietnam is too complicated a problem, too basically incapable of truly satisfying solution to risk all in the hope of achieving some still ambiguous and vague objective.

As things stand now, we have reached a stalemate. We cannot, without extraordinary and pointless waste of life, wipe out the Vietcong by military means. At the same time, we can not be militarily pushed out of Vietnam. We can stay as long as we have the will.

But this stalemate is not necessarily a bad thing. It may not be the best of all worlds, but it is much preferable to some of the grim alternatives.

After all, it was a military stalemate between Russia and the U.S. in Europe that permitted post-World War II reconstruction to take place in relative peace. And we have become accustomed, for more than twenty years, to having several hundred thousand American troops stationed in Europe to assure continuance of the stalemate.

To be sure, the stalemate in Europe was reached under more favorable terms to us. Few lives were lost achieving it. It came at a time when the human race was momentarily exhausted by war and ready to try a few moments of peace. And our military efforts were coordinated with imaginative economic and political planning that seems to be sadly lacking in our Southeast Asian policy today.

As time went on the terms of the stalemate became more clearly defined. The Berlin airlift. Hungary. We picked our stand on bases other than morality or fervor for democratic ideals. We were trying to hold a world together. The Berliners benefited. The Hungarians were sacrificed.

Southeast Asia, of course, is different. We have much less ability to create the results we desire. We simply cannot solve all of Southeast Asia's problems. But we can — and should — try to create an environment in which Asians can solve reasonably

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their own problems. And we must learn the limits of a realistic American role and not exceed them.

The specific extent of this role is hard for one sitting at a desk half a world away to suggest. But it would seem to include defense of major South Vietnamese population centers and areas of strategic importance, including all or part of the Mekong Delta. It includes the presence of large numbers of American troops, the provision of technical assistance and supplies to the South Vietnamese army, and a far higher level of economic assistance than that at present.

It does not include bombing North Vietnam, ravishing South Vietnam's villages in order to flush out a few Vietcong, or wasting American lives in battle for ground not worth the powder to blow it to hell.

We may have to stay in Vietnam a long time. The American public will accept this if it feels the course we pursue there is reasonable, just as the public has accepted the large number of American troops in Europe for over two decades. But if we repeatedly engage in actions that are neither moral nor productive, the public at home and the nations abroad will reject our role. The Americans in Vietnam will become lonely, hated men fighting a lonely, hated war.

As I write, the big peace offensive is still underway. I hope it will be by the time this reaches the reader. For we have not, until recently, been as diligent in escalating the peace as we have been in escalating the war. We too easily slip back into the old ways of battle.

The big lesson of the Cold War is that careful, conscientious escalation of the peace works to the benefit of everyone, despite the minor immediate losses of face and compromised ideological goals. We can always risk taking a few halting steps away from disaster. We can always afford, to borrow Andrew Jackson's order to his troops, to elevate our guns a little lower.

A Geographer Looks at Vietnam

By G. Etzel Pearcy

From a geographic point of view there can be no doubt that the United States faces disadvantages in Vietnam that far outweigh the advantages, writes Dr. Pearcy, Geographer of the Department of State. In this article, excerpted from the Department of State Bulletin, Dr. Pearcy explains why this is true. The piece is an important addition to the library of anyone concerned over Vietnam.

GEOPOLITICIANS CITE compact shape as a decided asset for defense purposes and refer to France, with its hexagonal form, as approaching the ideal. South Viet-Nam represents the opposite extreme: a narrow ledge of land clinging to the great interior mountain system of Asia and presenting a classic example of exposed territory. So lengthy are the country's boundaries in relation to its size that thoose who would infiltrate have a rich choice of spots from which to select for entry.

Although a little larger than Florida, the country in the north narrows to no more than 33 miles in one place. Even Saigon, definitely an "east coast" city, lies only 35 miles from the Cambodian boundary to the west. The widest part of the country, in the central portion, measures less than 130 miles. South Viet-Nam's eastern coast curves in a long arc for almost 800 miles, nearly equal to California's west coast.

A relief map shows the diversity of topography in South Viet-Nam. About 60 per cent of the country con-

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sists of relatively high mountains and plateau lands. While not comparable to the Himalayas or Rockies in grandeur or broad dimension, the South Vietnamese mountains are higher than the Appalachians and present greater difficulty for movement. Maximum elevation is 8,500 feet, about 1,500 feet lower than in North Viet-Nam. Lowlands with little or no relief make up most of the remaining 40 per cent of the country and are located chiefly in the Mekong Delta area.

Thus well over half of the countryside presents obstacles to penetration and movement but offers protection to offensive forces engaged in guerilla-type warfare. And even in the lowlands, swamps and heavy vegetative growth afford the invaders a certain immunity against government security forces.

The Indochina Peninsula is dominated by a series of mountain spurs thrusting south from the great mountain systems of Central Asia. Almost all of Laos, as well as most of both North and South Viet-Nam, is encompassed by these outliers, which reach to within 50 miles of Saigon. The Chaine Annamatique forms a physical barrier separating South Viet-Nam from Laos in the northern part of the country and from Cambodia in the central part. The eastern slopes of the chain rise abruptly from the narrow coastal zone. In places high altitudes are as much as 40 miles from the sea, but in others the eastward extensions of these mountain spurs crowd to the shoreline itself and separate the coastal region into a number of small, partially enclosed plains.

Thus the northern two-thirds of the South Viet-Nam littoral resembles California, where the coast range generally follows the shoreline, more than it does the Middle Atlantic States, where a relatively broad plains area lies between the coast and the Appalachian ranges. In the past the impingement of mountain spurs on this lowland fringe north of Saigon has inhibited development, and at present it limits the scope of operations against guerrilla strongholds in the higher lands to the west.

With very few exceptions the southern-most third of the country lies at an altitude of less than 500 feet. The great Mekong River flows through this flat landscape, its four major distributaries emptying into the South China Sea over a wide delta. Where the river enters South Viet-Nam from Cambodia, 125 miles from the east coast and 55 miles from the Gulf of Siam, the elevation of the land is scarcely 15 feet above sea level. In appearance, irrespective of cultural features, the countryside resembles that along the lower Mississippi between Baton Rouge and New Orleans. An elaborate system of waterways includes canals as well as minor distributaries. Reliance on water transportation is very high, severely handicapping strategic operations. Heavily vegetated areas in this low-lying region often provide strongholds for well-armed guerrillas, and the Central Government

Relief Map of South Vietnam

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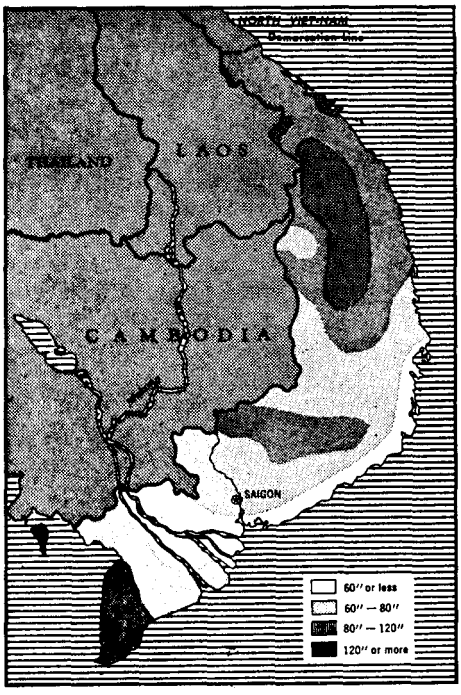

Rainfall in South Vietnam

finds it exceedingly difficult to penetrate this tortuous water route with its services, its authority, and its security program.

By an oddity of nature the delta lands of the Mekong seldom flood seriously. In western Cambodia the Tonle Sap, an inland lake fluctuating in area from 1,000 to 3,900 square miles, serves as a reservoir to stabilize the flow of the lower Mekong. When the water rises, the surplus backs up into this lake and prevents heavy flooding. In turn, during low water the process is reversed and from the Tonle Sap the extra accumulation of water drains back into the river.

There are seasons of relatively high water which further isolate the delta. But the South is spared the ravaging floods quite common to the Tonkin Delta in North Viet-Nam, except upon rare occasions when the Mekong picks up an unusually heavy load on its 2,600-mile course from Tibet.

The thermometer in South Viet-Nam never skyrockets; the highest temperature ever recorded at Saigon has only been 104° F. Nevertheless, a temperature which never goes much below 80° F. definitely has a debilitating effect on human energy, particularly when it is accompanied by high humidity. Sustained periods in the steaming lowlands of the Mekong Delta, without benefit of air-conditioned buildings, place a severe strain on anyone accustomed to the climate of higher latitudes, where a cold nip in the air serves as a stimulus. At higher elevations temperatures are more agreeable, but here other handicaps, such as pounding rainfall and dense vegetation, may well offset the advantage of a cool breeze.

The controlling factor in Viet-Nam's climate is its position deep in the tropics. In latitude the area equates with Panama, well known for its wilting heat, and with Senegal on the west coast of Africa. Another basic climatic control is Viet-Nam's location on the southeastern margin of the great Eurasian land mass. Pressure differences between continent and ocean result in major airmass movements which pour seaward during the winter and landward during the summer. This dynamically effective wind system, which reverses itself twice yearly, gives rise to a monsoon influence.

For Southeast Asia in general the rainy season thus occurs in summer, but along the coast in the northern part of South Viet-Nam (Hue-Da Nang area) the wettest period lasts from September to January. The monsoon does not appreciably alter temperature values but brings a notoriously wet season each summer and fall.

While fine for the rice crop, heavy rainfall handicaps security measures in several ways. Mobility is reduced, equipment becomes difficult to maneuver, and better protection is offered the aggressor. Air action may be limited by the poor visibility resulting from high humidity and low cloud cover during the rainy season.

The actual quantity of rain falling in South Viet-Nam is impressive. It exceeds that commonly experienced along the Gulf Coast and in the

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Pacific Northwest, two well-known rainy areas in the United States. At Saigon the annual precipitation amounts to 78 inches, of which 67 inches fall during the 6-month period from May to October. Hue, onetime capital of the old Annamese Empire, annually receives 115 inches.

In their extreme form the unequal atmospheric pressures give rise to typhoons which pound the east coast of the Indochina Peninsula much as hurricanes plague our Atlantic and Gulf Coasts. These devastating storms occur from July into November.

Heavy rainfall, together with high temperatures, encourages the growth of a dense, barrier-like vegetation. Over five-sixths of South Viet-Nam has a cover of natural vegetation — rain forests, monsoon forests, and some savanna lands. When the original forest is cut away or burned, a secondary forest cover takes over in many places, poorer in timber but with heavier undergrowth.

These tangles of vegetation are a marked disadvantage for forces seeking out an enemy which moves quickly on foot, with a good knowledge of the terrain. For example, roadways cleared through heavy vegetative growth must be maintained or they soon revert to the jungle. In contrast, dense foliage offers excellent concealment from both air and land observation. From such terrain guerrillas may operate with relative safety and on a time schedule of their own making.

Transportation facilities in South Viet-Nam are too limited to provide unity and cohesion within the country. Physical factors handicap the development of communications to many remote and marginal areas; in numerous instances towns and villages have had little or no contact with the Central Government.

The obstacles of inaccessibility also handicap those fighting against the guerrilla aggressors from the North. Inadequate lines of communication allow guerrillas to infiltrate large areas and remain under cover while at the same time they prevent effective offensive action to rout them. American military operations, ordinarily geared to efficient transportation systems, contrast markedly with those of the Viet Cong along the infiltration routes, where guerrillas slip in with their less-than-complex supplies and equipment.

Economic development on the Indochina Peninsula has been largely limited to the Mekong Delta region in the south, the Tonkin Basin in the north, and the lowlands fringing the coast between them. When Viet-Nam was partitioned in 1954, the southern part inherited only one of the larger lowland areas and about three-fifths of the string of coastal lowlands. Modern transportation facilities within the country do not generally extend beyond these areas.

Within South Viet-Nam there are only about 870 miles of operable railway lines, comprising for the most part the coastal line from Saigon to Dong Ha, within 12 miles of the demarcation line from North Viet-Nam. From this longitudinal railroad, a few short spurs branch off. This slim traffic artery completely bypasses the extensive "back country" of South Viet-Nam with its thousands of hamlets and villages.

Highways in South Viet-Nam form a rather sketchy network but have much greater coverage than the railway lines. When Indochina was a part of France's colonial empire, the French established a road pattern in some ways resembling that of metropolitan France. The overall route system, however, has been truncated, for it was developed to cover French Indochina. Now an appreciable proportion of the net lies in Cambodia, Laos and North Viet-Nam.

The northern approach to South Viet-Nam for the Viet Cong is not limited to any given itinerary but corresponds to a band of rough landscape where improvised paths and trails can carry the traffic. It serves as the principal access route from north to south; into it and from it finger a labyrinth of trails for assembly and development of the Viet Cong forces.

Water transportation plays a heavy role in the heart of the Mekong Delta.

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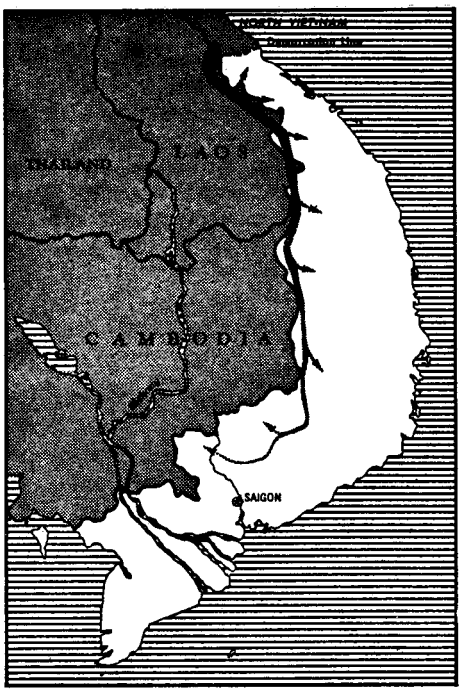

South Vietnam: Infiltration Routes

Some 3,000 miles of waterways criss-cross these lowlands, giving access to areas where roads are difficult to construct and maintain. Rice production, which is particularly important in the well-watered delta, justifies the concentration of these small domestic arteries of trade. Unfortunately the lack of approach by land hampers security precautions, and the Viet Cong have installed themselves in certain of these low-lying and often saturated areas. Elsewhere in South Viet-Nam navigable waters are limited or altogether lacking.

In North Viet-Nam watercourses provide excellent transportation facilities in the delta of the Red River of Tonkin. Hanoi and the port city of Haiphong are both in the midst of true delta country, whereas Saigon lies somewhat off center of the Mekong Delta.

Air transportation in South Viet-Nam has superficially alleviated some of the problems involving appreciable distance and inadequate means of movement on the surface. Saigon is well known as one of the leading international air terminals in Southeast Asia, but in addition there are local flights from here to the larger cities in South Viet-Nam. The fact that the Viet Cong have been unable to overrun urban areas permits commercial air transportation to continue even during heated warfare.

The last extended period of peace and stability for the inhabitants of what is now South Viet-Nam dates back to the pre-World War II years, and even that was marred by a serious economic depression. Any person under 40, then, could not be expected to have experienced any type of life other than a troubled one. World War II stirred up a maelstrom of national disasters which have allowed very little opportunity for constructive measures. Political instability has been the general rule. What progress has been made has been achieved in the face of serious handicaps.

In the 1954 split of territory between North and South Viet-Nam, the latter came out a poor second in natural resources. In mineral resources the division was especially uneven; North Viet-Nam has copious quantities of coal, zinc, phosphates, tin, and graphite, while South Viet-Nam's share, pending further investigation at least, is quite meager. Further, the French promoted greater industrial development in the North than in the South.

Partially offsetting these advantages of the North, however, is the fact that there is a considerably greater population pressure on the fertile lowlands around Hanoi and Haiphong than on those tributary to Saigon. As a result, in normal years South Viet-Nam exports rice, while North Viet-Nam traditionally has to import rice.

The economic pattern of South Viet-Nam, then, is hardly a complex one. Agriculture provides the basic sustenance, ranging from rubber and rice as the prime products entering trade down to a number of provision crops for local consumption, including corn, cassava, and beans. Other products, commercial in nature, are tea,

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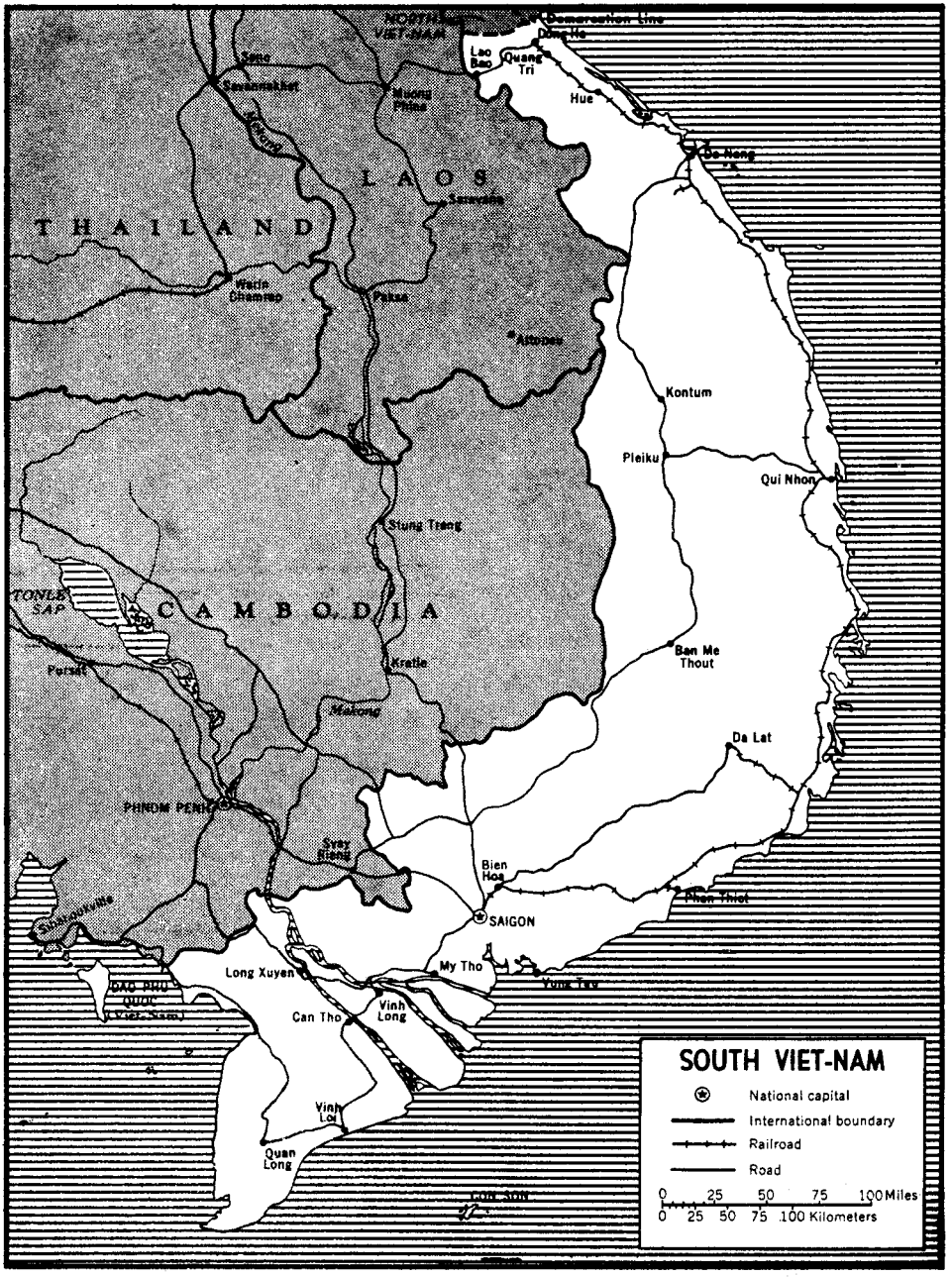

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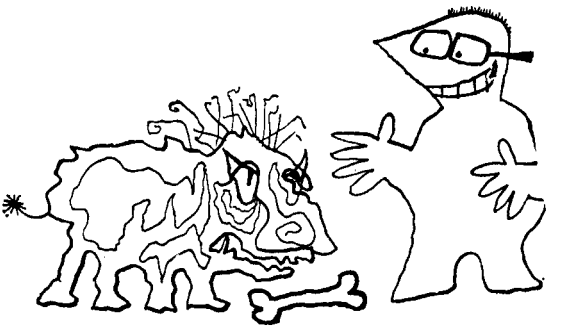
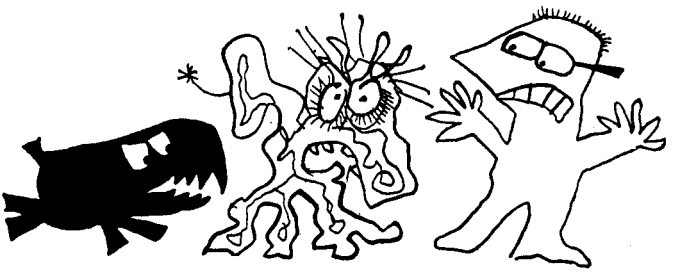
FQM: An Asian Adventure



Let's suppose you had a sweet little dog, whom you present a bone . . .



but then a fierce, hungry dog comes and bites your sweet little dog . . .

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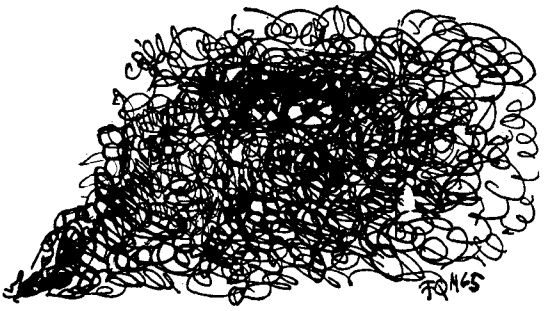
so it would be quite natural if you threw a little limited firecracker at the cur.

Naturally, a singed dog produces a little smoke and howls rather uncontrollably.



But to claim that a little bit of smoke could be dangerous, why that's just . . . (cough) . . . (cough) . . . where are you? Can you hear me?

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coffee, tobacco, sugar cane, and coconuts. By Western standards industrial processes are largely the community type, wherein simple manufactured goods are produced for domestic consumption.

The United States by its aid program has done much in recent years to stimulate economic activity in South Viet-Nam, somewhat countering the war-induced decline in production and welfare. Projects include the improving of agricultural techniques, pest and insect control, an agricultural credit system, better transportation and communication facilities, and land reclamation. Full-scale development of the country's resources and their optimum utilization must, of course, take place on a landscape free of political instability and warfare.

Dr. Mungai said the government had discovered that there was a rumor factory somewhere in the country and the police were looking for this factory.

—Kenya radio

You take the road to the hate-mill and turn left.

From a geographic point of view there can be no doubt that the United States faces disadvantages in Viet-Nam that far outweigh the advantages. While factors of relief, climate, and vegetation which handicap the defenders are not necessarily in themselves assets to the guerrillas, the guerrillas, of course, take advantage of the landscape as it is. They turn heavy foliage into camouflage, use light arms on terrain too rough for most conventional weapons, and seek strategic advantages during the monsoon season, when aircraft cannot be fully effective.

American military measures must be molded to the geography of the land — political, economic, and social. To appreciate these circumstances, difficult though they be, is to lessen the jeopardy of fighting in a strange land.

HOLD ON!

By Charles McDowell, Jr.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

THERE HAS BEEN some confusion, even in clear-headed Washington, over the resignation of Amintore Fanfani, the Italian foreign minister, just because his wife had a party and some of the guests got to talking.

It is easy enough to write off the whole thing as "comic opera," as several commentators have done. But the fact is that the government of Italy has been severely shaken and the future of the world might well be affected.

Conscientious Americans have a responsibility to try to understand this thing, and we are willing to help anyone who will stop scoffing and pay attention.

What happened was, Signora Fanfani had an innocent little party at home in Italy while her husband was in New York at the United Nations. Among the guests was Fanfani's friend, Giorgie La Pira, the former mayor of Florence, who recently relayed the famous "peace feeler" from President Ho Chi Minh of North Viet Nam to Fanfani, who passed it on to the United States State Department.

At the party, La Pira fell into conversation with Gianna Preda, managing editor of a right-wing weekly called Il Borghese — or maybe it was with Il Borghese, managing editor of Gianna Preda, but never mind — and the weekly subsequently carried an interview in which La Pira was represented as being critical of Premier Aldo Moro of Italy. Naturally, Fanfani resigned.

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It was at least partly understandable that this sequence of events caused some confusion in this country. Americans are not terribly knowledgeable about Italian politics, and are not familiar with all these strange names, and are not entirely casual, for that matter, about the transmission of East-West peace overtures through a man best known in his own country as the former mayor of Florence.

Perhaps we can be helpful by transposing the episode into American terms.

Imagine, if you will, that Senator Everett Dirksen was out of town during the holiday season, and Mrs. Dirksen decided to have in a few friends. She invited Barry Goldwater, Dr. Spock, George Meany, Wayne Morse, Ronald Reagan, Henry Luce, Sam Huff and several other congenial people who happened to be around, including Sam Stabile, former mayor of Kansas City, and William F. Buckley, editor of the right-wing National Review.

It should not be too difficult to imagine that Sam Stabile, whose political background was that of a sort of Pendergast populist, had recently been to Cuba to try to talk Fidel Castro into moving the island more than 90 miles away from the American coast if the American government would agree to withdraw Miami Beach to the Everglades.

At the party, Sam Stabile was drawn into a revealing interview by the clever Buckley, who wrote it up in National Review in such a way that Stabile sounded critical of President Johnson.

If all that happened, it would not matter, of course, that Castro denied offering peace, or that Sam Stabile said Buckley misquoted him, or that Mrs. Dirksen said she had not meant for her guests to go so hard on the artillery punch.

The political embarrassment would be obvious. Everett Dirksen would have no choice but to resign as the leader of the Republican minority, and there can be no doubt that the National Review or the New Republic, one or the other, would call for the resignation of the Johnson government.

Foreign policy matters aren't really difficult if you try to see them in terms you understand.

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Uncle Abner's New Desk

By Uncle Abner

SALTLICKHAM

T'OTHER DAY, ELIZABETH and me figured it were 'bout time I got a new desk, what with being a full time columnist and all.

"Abner," she says, " 'bout time you got a new desk don't you think?"

"Don't know about that," I said.

"Well, I'll tell you one thing, Abner. Either you get a bigger desk or come spring I'm going to throw out every last letter and clipping I find in bureau drawers or closets or anyplace else it don't belong. That's a promise. Why last night I had to pull down one month's supply of *Picayune-Items* from the top shelf in the kitchen just to get a can of beans. And this morning I went down in the basement to do some washing and what did I find? Least ten pound of mail in my dryer. Abner, you're either going to do something 'bout that or you're going to have some awful dirty socks come spring."

"Eyah," I said and that's sort of how we decided it were 'bout time for me to get a new desk.

So I begun to look through all those department store catalogs like we get regular down to our place and before long I come to what I'm looking for. It says:

"Large maple desk for office, den, or living room. Two large drawers for files. Cubbyholes to hold mail and odds and ends. Joints mitered. Burnished brassplate knobs. Solid legs

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give strong support. Shipping wgt. 94 pounds. $107.95."

I showed it to Elizabeth and she agreed it looked right nifty.

"Better get that one," she said.

So I did. But not right away.

I made up the order all right. Printed real plain the quantity I wanted: one; the model number: 48765X; and the item: maple desk. Then I figured up the price and the shipping charges down to the penny, wrote a check and mailed it off.

A month went by and nothing happened. Then two months. I got to thinking, maybe that desk won't come. So I wrote the company a letter asking them whether they got my order and if they did what they were going to do 'bout it.

That didn't do any good, 'cause the letter weren't answered either. So I decided to call them.

"'Lo," I said, "This is Abner Guild down to Saltlickham and I bought a desk from you folks a few months back but she ain't come yet."

"What store did you purchase the desk from sir?" she said.

"Didn't purchase it from no store. Got it straight from the catalog."

"Well, sir, I can't handle your order. I'll have to switch you to catalog sales." And she sounded a mite annoyed that I had called the wrong number.

When I got hold of catalog sales they told me that they would look into the perdicament and make sure that my desk got to me.

Sure enough, a week later the desk arrived. Men with the truck put it down in my living room and I set to uncrating it and bigod she looked good. Without even waiting to screw on the burnished brassplated knobs on the drawers I sat down and wrote a letter. Just to see how it felt.

Well, then, 'bout six or seven days later (I forget exactly which) Elizabeth and me had gone up town to fetch a few things and there weren't nobody home 'cept Bill Wilson who'd come over to give me a hand fixing up some cabinets in the kitchen, when 'long comes this big truck, pulls right up in front and unloads a box.

"What's that?" Bill asked.

"Desk for an Abner Guild," was the reply.

"He's got one already."

"Mebbe he wants two."

"Didn't say he did."

"Look mister, this the right address?"

"Eyah."

"And Abner Guild lives here?"

"Eyah."

"Well, this is his desk."

So Bill figured that maybe I was doing more writing than he had thought and needed two desks so he signs the receipt and the truck takes off back down the road.

Elizabeth and me came back and saw the big box sitting out front.

"What's that, Bill?" I asked.

"'Nother desk," he said.

"Didn't order 'nother desk."

"That's what I told the man, but he said it was yours."

"Well, we better put it under cover 'til we figure out what to do 'bout it."

So Bill and I moved the box into the barn.

That afternoon I called up the store again.

"This is Abner Guild down to Saltlickham and I got two desks and one don't belong to me. It belongs to you."

"Did you order a desk from a store, sir?"

"No, I ordered it from catalog sales — now don't get mad, just switch me over to them nice and easy."

They did and I explained my situation again.

"You did order a desk, sir?"

"Eyah."

"And the desk you ordered arrived?"

"Eyah."

"Did you sign the receipt stating that you had received it in good condition?"

"Eyah."

"Then it's your desk."

"I know it is — it's the other one I'm worried 'bout."

"Sir, did someone sign a receipt

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HUGH HAYNIE ...

"Oh, Come Back Later! Can't You See There's A War On?"

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saying that desk had arrived in good condition?"

"Eyah."

"Then it's your desk."

"But I don't want it. Already got one."

"I'm sorry sir, but we're not authorized to accept returns. I'll switch you to our return department."

In the return department this lady came on the line and after I tried to explain what had happened, first thing she said was:

"Did you sign a receipt stating that you had received the desk in good condition?"

"Now looky here," I said. "This desk is your desk. I'm trying to give it back to you. I don't want it. It were a mistake. I haven't paid for it."

"Oh, I understand sir, you haven't been billed yet. Well, I'll switch you over to our billing department."

"You'd better not. I don't want the desk. I couldn't afford it if I did want it."

"I know what you mean, sir. These are tight times. But we have a very sympathetic credit department and if you'd like I'll . . ."

"No thank you. I think I'll just sit down at one of the desks and write you a letter. Mebbe you'll understand that."

So I wrote a letter, plain as I could. I said:

"Dear Sirs: I have a desk that belongs to you. I don't think it's right for me to keep it and I think you're plumb crazy not to take it back, but none of your people will help me. I don't want the desk. I haven't paid for it. I won't pay for it. I can't afford to pay for it. Won't you do something? Sincerely, Abner Guild."

About two weeks later I finally got a reply. It was a form letter. It read:

"Dear Sir: Thank you for your inquiry about office equipment. We have placed you on the mailing list for our office equipment catalog . . ."

Well, I'll tell you one thing. I'd just like to see them come and get that desk now.

World Famine & the Fish Flour Fight

By R. H. Newton

HUNGER IS THE BIGGEST problem of the century. More than half of the world's total population suffers from lack of food adequate in quality and quantity. Progress in relieving this condition has been largely offset by the alarming and accelerating rate of population growth. By the year 2000, the population of Asia, Africa, and Latin America will have increased by about three billion people — an addition equal to present total world population. The task involved in meeting this problem is staggering.

Malnutrition is largely caused by an inadequate consumption of high quality animal protein. This protein is needed especially in underdeveloped nations where diets consist preponderantly of vegetables and cereals. Young children and expectant mothers in these countries suffer most from a lack of proteins containing sufficient quantities and correct proportions of the amino acids. Milk, eggs, beef, chicken, and the usual fishery products all contain high-quality proteins but those products are often either unavailable or cost too much.

Other sources of proteins of high quality must therefore be found. One largely untapped source is the sea. The sea with its great population of fish offers a vast reservoir of animal proteins, proteins of exceptionally high quality that can be supplied in the form of concentrated fish protein.

Fish flour, also known as Fish Protein Concentrate (FPC), is a protein-rich powdery product that has been developed in recent years as a food supplement for protein-deficient diets. The principal virtues of this product are its high protein content, low pro-

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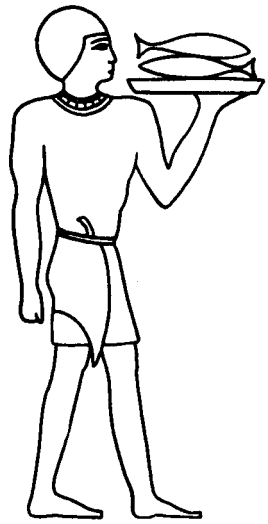
duction cost, stability without refrigeration or expensive packaging, and tastlessness, which makes it suitable as a supplement for various cultural food preferences. The cost, however, is low only if the product is made from the entire fish, since the labor involved in eviscerating the entrails raises the price of the end product considerably.

Today, fish represents only a minor percentage of food consumed by human beings. This is despite the fact that more than 70 percent of the surface of this planet is covered by oceans and seas and that, furthermore, the sea is considered by many authorities to be, acre for acre, potentially about as productive as arable land.

Systematic efforts to farm the sea on a rational, commercial scale have lagged far behind efforts to harvest and use the fruits of the land.

Fish, although recognized as a staple diet of high nutritive value since the days of primitive man, has always been difficult and expensive to preserve. Efforts to overcome these obstacles have been made in many countries and are not limited to modern-days.

The Egyptians were intimately acquainted with the art of curing fish with salt and the method has been used on a small scale and almost without change in many European and Asiatic countries for the last two thousand years.



The classical Romans and Greeks processed an enzyme-digested amino acid concentrate from fish and used it as a universal seasoning. This method was never extensively used in Europe during the Christian era, but today is of great importance in the Far East, where various types of fermented pastes and sauces are prepared from fish and shrimp.

In these areas almost every meal is prepared with this type of protein supplement. It is estimated that in Viet-Nam alone, eighty million liters are consumed annually. This product could constitute an important contribution to the amino acid supplies from other dietary sources if taken in sufficient amounts. Unfortunately, this is not always possible as production costs are usually too high and the salt content far too elevated to allow the feeding of young children with this food.

It was estimated at a UN Conference on Fish in Nutrition, in 1961, that 600 million people receive the major share of global animal protein, whereas two billion people, mostly in underdeveloped countries, lack this important nutrient.

Aside from global issues, the commercial production of a satisfactory FPC would provide much-needed economic stimulation for our domestic fishing industry. And from a biological point of view, the manufacture of FPC would help to use ocean resources compatible with sustained optimum yield. Our fishermen would be able to reestablish a favorable balance on our fishing grounds between the predatory fish and the grazing types of fish. Many years of selective fishing for the larger species have favored growth of smaller, less desirable varieties until, in many areas, the latter are now relatively overabundant.

A fair market might exist for FPC even in the United States — for example, as a supplement to breakfast cereals and baby foods. Cookies,

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doughnuts, noodles, and similar foods could be transformed into sources of good quality protein if supplemented with with FPC — resulting in less parental worry over the starch consuming teenager.

The major obstacle preventing the processors of FPC from undertaking commercial production is the unsuitability of the product under the requirements of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act of 1938. The act states a food is to be deemed adulterated and consequently its sale is prohibited "if it consists in whole or in part of any filthy, putrid, or decomposed substance, or if it is otherwise unfit for food." The crucial question to date has been whether the inclusion of parts of the fish normally discarded is cause for FPC to be ruled adulterated.

The processors of FPC were faced with three distinct alternatives: (1) Proceed to undertake commercial production and marketing of the product and encounter legal action brought by the Federal Government. This alternative carried potentially severe consequences: the threat of criminal prosecution as well as unfavorable publicity.

(2) Petition for a standard of identity for FPC containing the entire fish. A proposed standard of identity for FPC was filed with the Food and Drug Administration in the summer of 1961.

The Food and Drug Administration however, refused to approve the proposed standard. Instead, it proposed a substitute standard of its own which required the evisceration of the objectionable parts of the fish. Under such a substitute standard the production of FPC was considered commercially impracticable.

(3) Request Congress to amend the act. This approach resulted in the introduction in the 87th Congress, of four identical bills. Hearings were held but no legislative action was taken. In 1962, the Secretary of the Interior requested the National Academy of Sciences to undertake a study of FPC to determine whether a wholesome, safe and nutritious fish protein concentrate could be made from whole fish; whether such a product suitable for human consumption existed; and whether there was a demonstrable need for an inexpensive animal-protein food. The FDA gave notice that a hearing was scheduled for June 18, 1962 to hear objections to the order which established a standard of identity for FPC. The objecting parties requested a postponement of the hearing until the report from the National Academy of Sciences was issued. On June 9, 1962, the Commissioner of Food and Drugs indefinitely postponed the hearing on the FDA version for standard of identity.

The National Academy of Sciences released their report in November 1962, approving the product. It made the following findings: first, that a wholesome safe and nutritious product could be made from entire wholesome fish; secondly, that no large scale commercially successful plant for producing the product was in operation; third, that no nutritional need for an animal-protein food supplement had been demonstrated in the United States. The report concluded that "until a suitable and acceptable

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fish protein concentrate product can be made available commercially, the committee is of the opinion that there should be no consideration of a definition and standard of identity under the Food, Drug, and Cosmetic Act and that the postponement of public hearings in the matter should be continued indefinitely." The Academy report seemingly contradicted the position of FDA on adulteration, yet failed to offer any immediate practical solution to those desiring the manufacture and distribution of the product.

In order to overcome the continuing impasse, the Department of the Interior suggested that a different approach be taken. This led the Congress to appropriate $500,000 for the development of a pilot processing plant for the production and study of fish protein concentrate under the supervision of the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries.

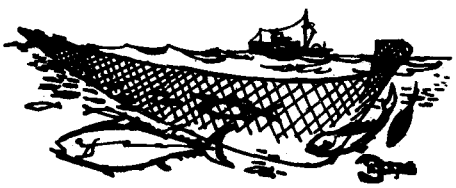
As a result of the $500,000 appropriation received by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries and due to the crash program of Secretary Udall, research was accelerated by a small group of Federal scientists in laboratories and in a pilot processing plant in nearby Maryland. In the past several years they have developed an isopropanol extraction process which completely elminates from the whole fish any bacterial or other toxicity in the finished product, and at the same time the finished product can reportedly be sold at 18 cents a pound.

The pilot plant installation has been operated as a food processing plant producing 100 pounds of the FPC daily. A document was prepared by the Bureau of Commercial Fisheries containing all the details relating to production procedures, and costs of the product, wholesomeness and chemical tests of the product and many other details. This document was presented to the National Academy of Sciences which approved the product as being pure and wholesome. It carried out extensive investigations covering bacterial and toxic aspects as well as cost engineering studies.

Today, the fish flour fight appears close to being resolved, A *New York Times* story by Felix Belair, published the day before Christmas, reported that food and drug officials "have indicated that they will interpose no objection to the domestic marketing of the product."

This is a major change in FDA's point of view. FDA has said all along that it had no objection to the marketing of FPC in foreign countries, but Administration officials realized the international political dangers inherant in pushing a product overseas considered unfit for human consumption at home.

Now that the major scientific issues have been resolved and the bureaucratic hassle between FDA and BCF is drawing to a close, the Administration has an extraordinary opportunity — and responsibility — to take full advantage of this new bounty from the sea.



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The Holiday Corps

By Ray Kraus
Our Correspondent
Lately in Bolivia & Peru

IT'S A BIT EMBARRASSING for Americans to visit South America these days. You have to keep explaining that you really have no connection at all with the Peace Corps *(Cuerpo de Paz)*, or Holiday Corps *(Cuerpo de Paseo)* as the Corps is popularly known to a small but obviously increasing number of Latin Americans.

Members of the Holiday Corps can be seen in the best restaurants and hotels, talking for hours about either the competence or incompetence of Corps administrative personnel (doctors are a favorite subject) or what they did — or will do — during the 45 official vacation days of their two-year tour of duty.

This increasing "presence" of the Peace Corps is quite striking. For example, two years ago, I dined at a small, very good restaurant in La Paz called the "Shor Thorn Grill" (it should be Short Horn Grill but Bolivian English can be a bit uncertain). Nobody else spoke English and the restaurant's other customers all appeared to be Bolivians. During a return visit in December, 1965, almost all of the Shor Thorn's customers were young Americans, babbling cheerfully, in English, about the burdens of living among the Bolivian masses.*

Of course, a certain amount of R&R (rest and recreation) is needed, one assumes, to maintain morale but there seems to be so much journeying around by either incredibly well-scrubbed or markedly disheveled Peace Corps volunteers — quite aside from the ebb and flow of administrative personnel — and so little visible evidence of activity in various assigned poverty pockets that one does begin to wonder.

At the time I left Bolivia, the Corps was preparing for a two-day "conference" of urban volunteers at the plushest hotel in Cochabamba, generally considered (though I'm not sure why) Bolivia's most attractive city. A Peace Corps official said that while the avowed purpose of this "conference" was to permit an exchange of ideas among old hands and recently-arrived volunteers, it was basically an R&R opportunity. After all, one can get awfully bored with those La Paz restaurants after a while.

In Peru there seems to have been, at least until recently, an operating theory that it was important to have volunteers know something about all areas of this vast country. So a volunteer would work for a while on the Pacific Coast, then move to the mountains, and perhaps wind up his (or her) tour in the jungles. The frequent movement of volunteers appears to be having a very real adverse impact: on the image of the Corps among the relatively limited number of Latin Americans who know of the Corps' existence; on the effectiveness of volunteers who are doing a dedicated job in one area; and on the work, such as it is, of Peace Corps gypsies during those periods when they do "settle down" briefly.

It has also had an effect on Peace Corps production statistics. A band of Cornell University anthropologists has just completed a massive $82,000 study (released to the press in early January, apparently after some heavy re-writing to tone down criticism of Corps effectiveness) which is supposed to measure the amount, if any, of community development stimulated by Corps volunteers in South America. One measure of a community's development on the Cornell index is whether "foreigners" (e.g. Peace Corps vol-

*Two volunteers in Cochabamba, Bolivia, live in a pleasant house with an icebox and a swimming pool, but the pool leaks so it really doesn't count.

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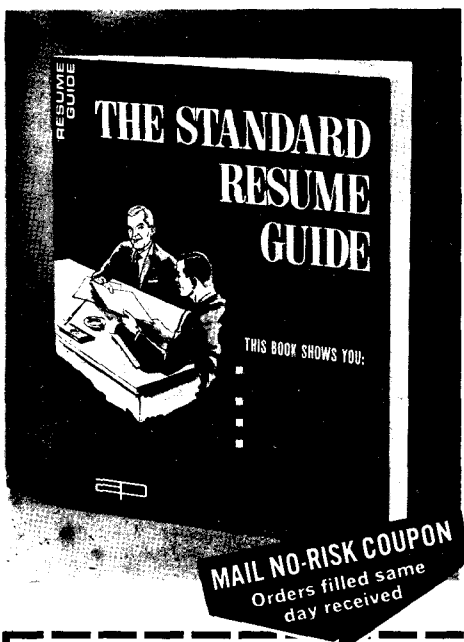

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unteers) have settled in a community. Thus, when a volunteer arrives, a community's development index automatically takes what may be a significant step forward; when the volunteer leaves, the index just as automatically slips back. While this is obviously a potent statistical tool for urging the continuation and expansion of the Corps, if it is valid it also suggests the importance of keeping volunteers in one assigned area for the greatest possible length of time.

There does seem to be good reason for keeping volunteers in place. Witness the history of a Corps project in the Andean settlement of Mita, Peru, an impoverished collection of Indian mud-huts located about 200 miles from Lima. By all accounts, the volunteer who worked in Mita between early 1963 and the middle of 1964 made a serious effort. He innoculated farm animals, helped build a water tank (to permit the use of water for more than a few hours a day, as in the past), persuaded the community to start a sheep cooperative (with sheep donated by the American government) and quietly encouraged the citizens of Mita to seek the return of rich, nearby farming land long ago illegally confiscated by the country's incredibly ineffective agricultural extension service. In short, Mita, which had had no future when the volunteer arrived, appeared to have something to look forward to when the volunteer departed at the end of his tour of duty.

Only a year later, everything had collapsed in Mita — and for one very simple reason: no volunteer succeeded the Peace Corpsman who had made such a useful start. Today, the water tank lies unused (it needs repair) and only a few months after the volunteer's departure, the gift sheep were all sold for a quick profit.

Mita is not an isolated failure in Peru and it is a failure which will surely be repeated unless the Corps learns a lesson from it. Thus, for example, the Peace Corps project in the well-known "model" Indian commune of Vicos (which is about 20 miles from Mita) has been a real disaster. Thirteen volunteers arrived in Vicos on October 3, 1962. For a complex of reasons, they were expelled on March 1, 1964 by the Vicos Indians, who reached their decision at a commune meeting held in the Indian language Quechua, to prevent the volunteers (who knew practically no Quechua) from arguing against the decision. A few volunteers returned to Vicos shortly after the expulsion but now they are all gone. When a recent epidemic caused the death of many Vicosino cattle, the Indians concluded that the disease had been caused by an American germ-spreading airplane sent in retaliation for the expulsion of the Corps. In addition, to this day the Indians are convinced that the very talented leader of the Corps in Vicos (who now serves as an Assistant Peace Corps Director in Bolivia) robbed and cheated them, even though he had personally lent the Indian community a substantial amount of money to enable it to purchase important adjacent farm lands. Though this charge is as groundless as the absurd belief in American germ-spreading, it does indicate the danger of strong, irrational hostility to Americans (and perhaps to "community development" itself) when ambitious young *gringos* come and go too swiftly.

The Peace Corps seems to have been unduly concerned with the potential overusage of volunteers, a concern emphasized in the often-repeated expression: "The Peace Corps is not in Latin America to build monuments."* The Corps appears to believe that since its duty — as it sees it — is to stimulate native self-improvement, it is unwise to leave volunteers too long in any one project because this may inhibit or preclude the development of voluntary indigenous leadership. This theory rests on the shaky assumption

*This obscure axiom is not always followed, of course. When I visited the site of a new school being erected some miles from Santa Cruz, Bolivia, the labor force consisted of one worker hired and paid by the local village and one sweating Peace Corps volunteer. It was a handsome, and probably useful, monument.

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that there are local leaders available with just enough initiative, experience and intelligence to assume effective control of projects started by the Corps, but not quite enough of those same valuable traits to move away from their dead-end communities to large urban centers where there are real rewards for such enterprise.

It is that old, familiar problem of a backward agricultural society trying to enter the 20th Century: how are you going to keep them down on the farm? An interesting experiment to develop and retain indigenous leadership is taking place in Bolivia in an uneasy joint AID-Peace Corps project. The first members of a large group of *campesino* leaders are being trained by Bolivians from excellent Corps-written manuals in three different centers. These native recruits, all volunteers, are between the age of 20-35 and are selected, in part, by the voters of their home community. The training camps have been located deliberately in relatively remote areas to prevent the Indians from fulfilling a somewhat natural inclination to see what things are like in the big city, since exposure to such modern wonders as exist in the main Bolivian cities might blunt a trainee's desire to return to backwater village life.

Following a six-week course of study covering everything from the theory of community development (self-demonstration, explanation, encouragement of emulation) to basic hygenic theory, these peasants are to return to their communities (as paid government employees) and work with an assigned Peace Corps "counterpart" volunteer.

It is too early to tell whether this experiment will succeed since the first Indian graduates have just returned to their communities. But it will be of enormous value if it produces village leaders eager to work with young American volunteers and capable of insuring continuity to community development projects as the Americans come and go. If it works, the Peace Corps may find that its real job in Latin America is not to develop communities (with or without monuments) but to develop indigenous community leaders. In the meantime, the restaurants and hotels of Latin America will probably continue to be filled with the new *gringo* elite, searching — but not very hard in too many cases — for something to do.

CREDITS

The character sketches are drawn by John Perts, of Suffolk, Va.

Some of the incidental drawings are by Mike Bell, of Cambridge, Mass.

Bob and Susie Sanderson, of Bristol, R. I., helped — as usual — with the production of this issue.

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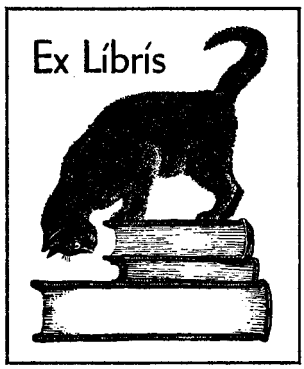

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Notes on Bolivia

By Peter Jay
Lately in Bolivia

THE TIN MINES AT CATAVI are the oldest in Bolivia. They employ the most miners, and once upon a time they were the richest in the world. Opened fifty years ago by Simon Patino, an Andean Indian who became the greatest of the Bolivian tin barons and one of the richest men of his day, the mines at Catavi today are running out of tin.

The collapse of the Catavi mines should occur in about five years, Bolivian engineers say; at that time the ore will be of such poor quality that even if better refining processes are used the mine will not be able to show even a paper profit. In the meantime, the cold bleak mining center, 14,000 feet above sea level, presents a serious threat to the somewhat shaky control of the country exercised by the 15-month-old military government.

Despite the dwindling reserves of tin at Catavi, there are other jobs available for workers in new unopened mines the Bolivian mining corporation has bought in other parts of the Andes. But about 4000 tough and well-organized miners cling to Catavi and refuse to move to another site.

It is Catavi where organized opposition to the government is strongest, and in Catavi where violence, at any given moment, is most likely to break out. But the situation at other mines is only slightly better.

The attainment of some sort of agreement, or at least an understanding, with the country's 35,000 mine-workers is imperative for Bolivia. Minerals provide from 90 to 97 percent of its export revenues each year, and the miners are ready and willing to stop work at any time in order to gain a better contract or — equally likely — redress real or imagined political grievances.

Ever since 1546, when Spanish *conquistadores* discovered the Cerro Rico (a mountain solid with silver ore) at Potosi, Bolivian life has revolved around the mines. In recent years, tin has replaced silver as the most valuable ore produced, but despite revolutions and counter-revolutions, U.S. aid and colonization projects in the jungle, the economy is no more diversified than ever.

In order to understand both the reliance on the mines and the underdevelopment of the rest of the economy, it is important to understand something of Bolivia's past, which ever since the winning of independence in 1825 has been dotted with a relentlessly regular series of disasters.

The worst catastrophes have occurred in the twentieth century. Between 1903 and 1938, in a succession of bad treaties, boundary disputes and a war, Bolivia managed to lose nearly 300,000 square miles of national territory, or approximately half the area with which it began its national life.

The War of the Pacific in 1879, which pitted Peru and Bolivia against Chile, cost Bolivia its entire sea coast; the disastrous 1932-35 Chaco War with Paraguay reduced Bolivian territory by a further 90,000 square miles. (Today Bolivia is plastered with signs proclaiming, a little forlornly, "Bolivia Demands an Access to the Sea." No one apparently cares too much about the lost acreage in the Chaco.)

Bolivia was liberated by and named after a Venezuelan, Simon Bolivar, and it has relied on outside help in most of its affairs ever since. Its army, despite its usefulness as a police force to a number of regimes, has never won a war.

But the worst of the problems that plague the country today date from the revolution of April 9, 1952. On that day the National Revolutionary Movement (MNR) of Victor Paz Estenssoro came to power, and within a year Paz had nationalized the tin mines of the Patino, Hochschild and Aramayo families; given the vote to all Bolivians over eighteen, regardless

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of literacy; and simultaneously disarmed the army and distributed weapons to the campesinos and mineworkers upon whom the MNR depended for its support.

The moves toward reform were well meant, and Paz was hailed as a democratic reformer; in the seven years following 1952 the United States, the Export-Import Bank, the development Loan Fund, the International Monetary Fund and the United Nations poured over $150 million into Bolivia.

Paz: Harassment for Exploitation

But it never worked. The new regime was plagued by an inflation that shot the value of the *boliviano* from a relatively stable 200 to the dollar in 1951 to 12,000 in 1957, tin production costs rose to $1.25 a pound in 1956 while the world price stayed well below a dollar, and the new reforms simply substituted harassment of the upper and middle classes for exploitation of labor and peasantry.

The new state mining company, COMIBOL, never showed a profit in the twelve years that the MNR controlled Bolivia; rampant featherbedding, incompetent technical personnel at all levels and frequent, government-required recesses from work to permit the miners to hold political meetings made profitable operations impossible.

The MNR's revolution, which could have done so much and actually did so little, came to an abrupt end on November 4, 1964. The armed forces, which had been quietly rebuilding, took over the government just after the Bolivian *campesinos*, voting with color-coded ballots, had elected Victor Paz to a third term as President. (Paz served from 1952-56 and from 1960-64. During the Presidency of Herman Siles Zouazo, 1956-60, Paz was the Bolivian ambassador in London.)

After the coup, Paz fled to Lima. The new military government was headed by Air Force General Rene Barrientos Ortuno, who had been on the MNR ticket with Paz as a candidate for Vice President. Barrientos was shortly joined at the head of the new government by Army chief General Alfredo Ovando Candia.

The United States did not delay recognition of the new government; Paz had become an embarrassment and expense, and the Johnson Administration had none of President Kennedy's reluctance to recognize military regimes that came to power by a *coup d'etat*.

The past year has not been rosy for the generals, but there are indications that they are making progress. Barrientos, determined to make the mines pay, has installed Army Colonel Juan Lechin Saurez at the head of COMIBOL. Lechin, a pleasant man with a talent for administration, has

Barrientos: Taste for Power

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The following appeared under the inexplicable headline of "Dept. of Clarification" on the front page of the *Nantucket Inquirer and Mirror:*

In the letters to the editor space on the editorial page of today's Inquirer and Mirror there appears a letter singed by Mrs. Harriet W. Backus, decrying the slovenliness of visitors, including hunters to Wauwinet.

Just before press time today we received the following cryptic communication from Mrs. Backus:

"In discussing this matter with some of the officers of the Sportsmen's Club, the following agreement was made — 'They are to have the hunting privileges and post the land accordingly.'"

Readers will just have to figure that out for themselves.

Maybe the part that got singed has the explanation.

cracked down on the old "jobs for everyone" policy, and by last December had balanced the corporation's books.

This year, if labor troubles don't erupt with too much force, most of COMIBOL's mines should show a profit. Mark Nothaft, the American general manager of Bolivia's second-largest mine at Huanuni, told me last month that the mine was already in the black and could net half a million dollars a month.

But, as the generals are well aware, there is a very good chance that there *will* be trouble. Despite the presence in the mines of well-armed troops — or perhaps in part because of it — several underground parties of the left keep resentment hot among the miners; in Catavi, for example, a small but well-organized Trotskyite group called the Revolutionary Workers' Party (POR) is hard at work among the Quechua-speaking mine-workers. Communist youth clubs are mysteriously well-financed; Czech-made automatic weapons turn up from time to time.

And despite the profit-sharing schemes instituted by the new government that make it clearly in the miner's interest to have the mines pay, the workers remember that Victor Paz' MNR was the miner's friend, and that soldiers are suspect.

At the present time, Barrientos' popularity is high in most parts of the country outside of the mines. In the Cochabamba valley, for example, where the MNR's 1952 revolution began, he is idolized; he was born in Tarata, near Cochabamba, and he speaks fluent Quechua. Moreover, he is not above a little campaigning, and flies his own plane with complete abandon into little fog-shrouded airstrips all over Bolivia to talk to the Indians.

So far, no call for elections has been made, but many Bolivians close to the government expect Barrientos to set a date late in 1966. If he does so, two entirely new problems can be expected to arise.

First of all, Barrientos is expected to be a candidate for President. He has shown a taste for power and adulation, and it would seem a logical move for him to seek to gain by popular vote the seat that he and Ovando now hold jointly by right of might. (Whether or not Ovando also seeks the Presidency is a matter of some debate in Bolivia.)

But the Bolivian constitution specifically precludes anyone from being a candidate for President who held the office less than six months before the election, and this was one of the pretexts used by Barrientos himself in his ouster of Paz. So unless he wishes to twist the constitution, he will have to resign six months before the election and let Ovando run the country.*

The second problem that elections may create in Bolivia is largely an upper and middleclass worry. Mine managers, doctors and storekeepers, enjoying the relative stability of post-

*Since this article was written Barrientos has resigned and elections have been set for July 3rd.—Ed.

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MNR Bolivia, are loath to see control of the country returned to the miners and *campesinos*.

"We can do all right until they have elections," mine managers told me on several occasions, "but when you put politics back into the mines you can expect real trouble."

Others fear that elections will mean a return to the secret-police tactics of the MNR. "There is more freedom now," a taxi driver said. "Under Paz, you might get thrown in jail for anything. Or for nothing."

A doctor worried about the development of Bolivia if elections were held. "We're the third largest country in South America," he said, "and we only have three million people. We need more people, people with skills, but we'll never get them to come here if we have elections and go back to the old days."

There is another possibility too, one that Bolivians don't talk about very much. The military men may decide that they like governing so much that they don't want to give it up. Barrientos may have visions of a Bolivian democracy floating through his head as he flies from village to village, but then again he may not. Moreover, he is reported by some sources to be seriously ill. But there always seems to be a plentiful supply of eager new generals and colonels, ready to run the country.

LINES WRITTEN AT A CONGRESSIONAL POVERTY HEARING

In serried ranks the pale young warriors sit,
Attache cases on their knees and brows earnestly knit.
Our General Staff on Poverty were all reared with care.
Choate, then Yale or Harvard was their youthful fare.
Now upon the ramparts they fight poverty,
For the gates of privilege may break down, you see.
Thus, before committees, synthetic tears are shed
By young beardless warriors who never lacked for bread.
They parade with shrillness facts all poor folks know,
That when we are hungry with no place to go,
Then our 'motivation' may 'exceed the norm':
We might even steal some food to keep our bellies warm.
Poverty is reeling all across the land:
Daily press releases thaw its icy hand.
At Poverty Headquarters optimism reigns.
Each day our bold warriors report major gains.
There's widespread agreement victory can't be missed.
All the poor have been well trained — for jobs that don't exist.
Some see gleams of victory in their leader's eyes;
G2 reassures them no Spartacus will rise.
All the Discontented — if not already dead —
Have been clearly labelled "This guy is a Red".
Earnest gray-clad warriors from the ramparts peer,
But see nothing down below to raise the slightest fear.
"Poor, but more contented. Pass word to the rich.
Another day breaks clear and calm. Im Westen neues nichts."

—Louis K. Mather

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In Search of Vinland

By Anne Stearns and Mike Bell

AT THE NORTHERN END of Deer Lake, the Trans-Canada Highway gives a topographical shrug and turns east toward the fatter civilization of the Avalon Peninsula, leading you to Route 73, a gravelled thoroughfare traversing the spiny finger that Newfoundland points at Labrador, separating the Gulf of St. Lawrence from White Bay and the North Atlantic. Route 73 plunges through the woods in great arcs like scimitars, skirting lonely ponds and boiling creeks and lumber cuts. But it's not a logging trail or an outback track; the hardpan surface is nearly three lanes wide at some points, and even a light car can hit fifty miles an hour on the better stretches. Elsewhere the road is pitted with strings of potholes, and a light automobile shudders at every one. Big trucks boom up and down, bullying the potholes and making them bigger and meaner for the next traveler.

For the road belongs to those who live along it. The Newfoundlanders in the fishing and lumbering villages scattered along the western shore could probably get along without it, just as they did until seven years ago. But now the trucks carry produce and equipment up and down, and the people motor up and down it, too — not in pickups and jeeps and Land-Rovers, but in new Ford and Chrysler and Chevrolet sedans which philosophically wear the badge of this road: A cracked windshield, from following too close to a car or truck that is kicking up rocks.

Corner Brook, in Newfoundland terms, is a comparative metropolis, although it has only 18,000 people. Beyond this point the paved road ends and a gravel road winds past a string of fishing villages, none with more than a thousand inhabitants. The villages are brightly-painted frame houses, racks filled with drying cod, tepee shapes of firewood stacked in back yards. Almost identical, they seem to be part of another century. Only infrequent gas stations and Pepsi signs remind a visitor of the modern world.

For that reason it is unsettling to climb a short hill into the village of Daniel's Harbour and confront a long, low motel with a glaring neon light — this in an area where electricity is rare. To one so accustomed to neon and billboards that their absence is welcome, the gaudy sign — and even, for that matter, the motel itself — seem ominous signs of an end to come to the beauty which is Newfoundland.

Fully aware of this is the motel's owner, Trevor Bennett, a man with the high cheekbones, deepset dark eyes and wiry black hair of an Indian, although, as he told us, his ancestry is French—Bennett was once Benoit. He seems to be a sensitive man, and gives the impression of one who has been hurt deeply in the past and is unable to forget it. In conversation he is disconcerting, for he realizes exactly the paradox between what he would like to achieve and his affection for the village and people of Daniel's Harbour as they are now.

Bennett is already the owner of an empire of sorts, for across the street from the motel is another building of his which houses a restaurant, bar, general store, soda fountain and Bennett himself, source of news and advice for the villagers as well as for travelers on the new road. But he, unlike most Newfoundlanders, has traveled beyond the limits of the island, and worked for a time in Toronto. This is evident as he moves easily between the local dialect, almost impossible for outsiders to understand, to a proper Toronto accent for the benefit of Americans.

Bennett's dreams are of a village which would conform in comfort and monetary standards to the cities he saw during his travels. He speaks eag-

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eriy of the day when the gravel road will be paved, enabling tourists and commerce to travel easily to Daniel's Harbour. When the road comes, Bennett will be ready:

"Four years, they say, four to seven, before this road is paved." He gestured toward a marshy field beyond the motel and a narrow river beyond the field. "I'm planning to add tenting and trailer grounds over there. There's fishing for salmon in the river, sea-fishing in the harbour. Then I'll have

to enlarge the store and the restaurant." As he speaks it is easy to visualize crowds of tourists moving in and out of this empire, bringing the money which would, undoubtedly, make a life now difficult much easier for the villagers, but leaving in their wake refuse, rudeness, noise and gasoline fumes.

"Know what's happened since this road went in?" he remarked. "Population's gone up. Used to be a young fella'd just stay here 'til he could build himself a boat, then he'd sail off and never come back.

"Now they can take the road out and come back. They don't leave much, though. They go over there and come back. Come back and say they can't talk to the people over there. Sometimes they come to me and I tell 'em how to talk. I used to have a gas station in Toronto."

"Over there" is Nova Scotia, 270 miles out the road and 80 miles across the Cabot Strait.

"Time was when I owned boats, and went up and down the coast in them, St. Anthony's to Port-aux-Basques," he mused. "That was the only way to travel, then. But now I wouldn't own a boat, not me. Car or airplane, that's the ticket now. Maybe we'll even have an airport," and he smiles at the visitors' vague grimaces.

"Now, it won't be all of that," he continued. "I'm planning a historical museum, too, and ye must admit that would be good. Did I tell ye my mother came from London, England? Yep, first registered nurse in this country. She left me many things which a museum could hold. A museum of Newfoundland, built in brick . . . "

He moved away to find a bar of bitter chocolate for a housewife. Returning, he stared after her as she left, and his eyes seemed sad and fierce at once. "They'll change when the paving comes, they will," he said. "You'll see. There'll be so many people in this place, you won't be able to count 'em."

North from Daniel's Harbour the land changes, as the road hugs the coastline and the woods retreat inland. The spine of the Long Range Mountains subsides in the east, and the pines begin to dominate the forests of the interior.

Bjarni and his men set sail for Greenland as soon as they were ready, and sailed for three days before losing sight of Iceland. Then their following wind died, and North wind and fog overtook them, so they had no idea which way they were heading. This lasted for many days but finally

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the sun came out so they could get their bearings. So they hoisted sail, and sailed all day before sighting land, and asked themselves what land this could be. Bjarni said it didn't look like Greenland to him. They asked him whether he wanted to land here. "I intend," he replied, "to sail in close to the land." When they did they saw that the land was not mountainous, but had low hills covered with forests; so they left the land to port with their sail pointed toward the shore.

Approaching the Strait of Belle Isle from the southwest, the villages cluster more thickly. Near Plum Point another gravel road, Route 74, straggles off across the peninsula to three hamlets on the eastern shore, a coastline still dotted with places linked to the world only by the infrequent coastal steamers, those maritime equivalents of the railroads' rural local. But 73, getting narrower and rockier — 35 to 40 miles an hour now — winds past Port au Choix . . . Brig Bay . . . Deadman's Cove . . . Nameless Cove . . . Savage Cove . . . Green Brook . . . Eddie's Cove.

Here, on racks of fence-post and wire, and on the grass and the rocky shore, salt cod lies drying in the sun. And when the sun shines, Labrador appears across the Strait, a smoky purple bar on the horizon.

Painted houses are scattered among the weather-colored ones, and an occasional storehouse or doghouse, with grass-grown old sod sides and a tar-papered roof, bulges raffishly out of the ground like an inhabited hillock, or a hobbit-hole. Between the villages, the road drops almost to the shoreline, where, occasionally, nonchalant clumps of horses nose around for grass and cool their hooves in the surf.

The road roughens and narrows still more as it arches eastward under the southern end of Pistolet Bay and dips toward St. Anthony. A few miles short of St. Anthony ("Gateway to the North. Pop. 2,003"), the spur road to Griquet turns northeast. This one is as pragmatic as a highroad can be: the trees that had the misfortune to be along its right-of-way still lie in rows on its margins, pointing off into the bush. Neither a gravel truck nor a pothole-filling crew followed in the wake of whatever bulldozed this road. In the village itself, it meanders along the northern margin of an inlet, then humps across a headland and gingerly lowers itself down the steep side of a small fjord, to end on the Harbourmaster's dock.

Griquet clings to the walls of its fjord like a Scandinavian fishing town. The houses perch where there are nooks and hillocks available, or dig their rears into the slope and hope for the best. One car parks pertly on a homemade embankment built like a loading platform on the sharply dropping slope. The Norse impression is reinforced by the sudden absence of trees. If you're looking for Norse impressions, that is.

Leif put to sea, and was at sea a long time, and happened onto lands he never knew existed. There were wheatfields growing wild there, and full-grown grapevines. There were those trees that are called "mosurr," and they took samples of all this — some trees so big that they were used to build houses . . . It is said that their towboat was filled with grapes. A full cargo of lumber and vines was cut for Leif's ship; and in the spring, they made ready to sail away. Leif named the land after its best qualities, calling it Vinland, "Wine Land." Then they sailed out to sea, and had a favoring wind until they sighted Greenland and the mountains below the glaciers.

Griquet is the jumping-off point for L'Anse aux Meadow, where, in 1961, the Norwegian explorer Helge Ingstad located the first identifiable Norse encampment in the New World. One negotiates with the Harbourmaster for passage across the fjord to

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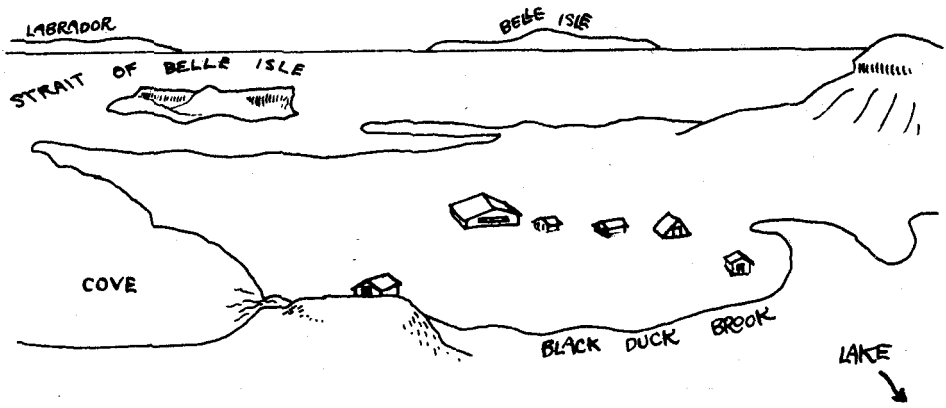

Simplified view of L'Anse aux Meadow, showing protective structures over excavations (present-day village not shown). Left to right are smithy, main hall, bathhouse, "slave quarters," small dwelling, "fort." Black Duck Brook debouches into shallow cove at left.

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the head of a trail — actually a pedestrian highway, since it carries all the area's traffic on land — which winds four miles across a neck of land to L'Anse aux Meadow.

The terrain at the excavation site is strikingly reminiscent of Iceland. The settlement sits on a flat rise surrounded by marshy lowland, overlooking a shallow cove. Black Duck Brook, narrow and winding, falls from a small lake further inland, and curls past the digging sites into the cove. Outside the perimeter of the settlement, the rock-strewn, swampy earth is covered with a limp blanket of crowberry bushes, which lie over the rocks like an imperishable pelt on the skeleton of a long-dead animal. Further inland, moss and lichen and blueberry bushes grow low on the rocky heights between the lake and the site.

The settlement is open to the sea and sky. Belle Isle lies on the distant horizon, and here also on a clear day you can see Labrador. Three small islands — Little Sacred, Big Sacred, and Warren's Island — lie closer inshore. To the east is the north-pointing finger of Cape Bauld, the northernmost point in Newfoundland. There are no trees.

They now sailed out to sea with a north-east wind and were at sea two days before catching sight of land. They sailed to land, reaching an island which lay north of it, where they went ashore and looked about them in fine weather . . . After which they returned to their ship and sailed into the sound which lay between the island and a cape projecting north from the land itself. They made headway west round the cape. There were big shallows there at low water; their ship went aground, and it was a long way to look to get sight of the sea from the ship. But they were so curious to get ashore that they had no mind to wait for the tide to rise under their ship, but went hurrying off to land where a river flowed out of a lake. Then, as soon as the tide rose under their ship, they took their boat, rowed back to her, and brought her up into the river, and so to the lake, where they cast anchor, carried their skin sleeping-bags off board, and built themselves booths. Later they decided to winter there, and built a big house.

Ingstad and Icelandic and American archaeologists unearthed the foundations of a large dwelling 50 by 80 feet, of a size and shape characteristically Norse but unknown to Indian

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and Eskimo archaeology. It contained floors and fireplaces of stone slabs, animal and human bone fragments, and some obvious relics of Eskimo habitation. But the digging also yielded the typically Norse "ember pits," slate-lined holes designed to keep coals glowing overnight for starting the morning fires; evidence of the smelting of bog-iron, a process known to Icelanders but not to American aborigines or later colonists; and finally, as clinching evidence, a small soapstone spindle whorl. This artifact, a stone doughnut used to weight a spinning-stick in a crude wool-spinning process, has turned up in significant numbers in Norse excavations in Greenland and Iceland.

A shallow depression in a bulging embankment above Black Duck Brook yielded the remains of a primitive smithy, whose rock anvil still bears traces of the whale and seal oil once used in tempering metal. Excavation of another telltale depression revealed a deep circular pit, its lip lined with stones in the characteristic manner of the medieval Icelandic bath-house. A smaller dwelling turned up near the

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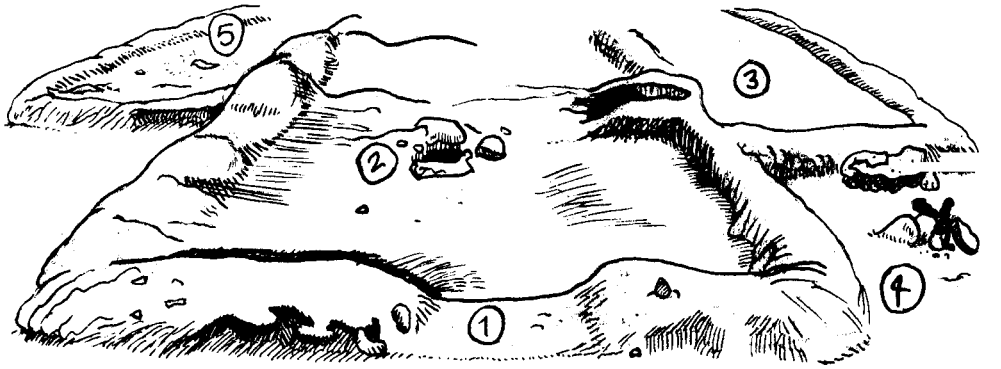

Front section of main hall, showing remains of sod walls, entranceway (1), fire-pits (2, 4), and side room (3). Fire-pit off main room (4) still contains partly-burned logs which were used in Carbon-14 dating. (5) appears to have been an attached cow-shed or sheep-pen with flagstone-lined drainage gutter.

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large hall, and a number of outdoor cooking-pits. Two other less definable structures have been tentatively labelled a "fort" and "slave quarters."

To protect the building so far unearthed, wooden barns and sheds have been erected, with skylights let into the roofs. The skylight over the main hall leaks in rainy weather, and a thin, raw beard of fresh moss has sprouted where dripping has dampened the scraped earth. Even on cloudy days, the hard flat light of northern Newfoundland reacts with the pale brightness of the new moss, bathing the interior of the big hall with an unearthly greenish glow. The other worldly feeling of the site is deepened by meeting some of the inhabitants of L'Anse aux Meadow.

It seems impossible to remember the beauty of Newfoundland now without recalling the beauty of its men, who, like the land itself, give the impression of strength, of ability to endure, of secrets not told to outsiders, kept inside. Thus the three strong fishermen who took us in their boat across Griquet Harbour to begin our hike to L'Anse aux Meadows; thus Lloyd Decker, caretaker of the excavations. When he left his white frame house to lead us to the site, he glanced only briefly at us, but with eyes which seemed to look through us, beyond us to the low rocky hills which we had just crossed. He was tall, gaunt but strong, with dark blond hair; his eyes were blue and deepset. He had few teeth—like most of the village adults.

Silently he led us on a path across a half-mile of land. At first glance the ground was barren, but on closer inspection we saw that it was covered with berry vines — raspberries, blue and blackberries, small but sweet. He led us around the excavations, answering our questions readily but always with the hint that he knew more than he would say. He seemed surprised at questions from a woman; later we noticed that women rarely speak to their men about matters other than home or children in this village. To many of our questions the reply was a sharp intake of breath, followed by a sibilant "Oh, yes sir, yes, yes, yes . . ."

The shed we stayed in while at the site had a window in back which faced the village. Every evening Decker would come, striding over the low hillocks, treading berries underfoot so that their fragrance hung in the air minutes later. The sight of this man — dignified, aloof, reserved, moving over the land he resembled so closely

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had the abstract quality of similar scenes with similar men in the movies of Ingmar Bergman.

Then he would arrive in the cabin; he seemed to fill it when he was there. A few words, a polite inquiry about our welfare, and he would be gone. Throughout our stay he maintained his reserve — always considerate, he nonetheless refused our tentative friendship. But at the end of our stay, as we adjusted our packs to hike out to the cove where our boat would be waiting, he once again came over the meadow to the cabin and said, "My wife and children, they've been in St. Anthony's, and if I'd thought myself sooner of it, you could have been guests in the house. Ye would have slept comfortable, and ye'd have been company to me." Then he shook hands, even smiled; for a moment he seemed sorry to see us leave. But the moment we turned toward the hills, he was back in his home, in his village, in his land.

* * *

For one acquainted with the Norse sagas of discovery, a first look at L'Anse aux Meadow sets the brain teeming with questions. Ingstad claims to have discovered *Leifsbudir* itself, the settlement built and named by Leif Eiriksson and his crew. Much of the evidence fits his claim, but much does not. The sailing directions given in *Eirik the Red's Saga* and *The Greenlanders' Saga,* which tell slightly different stories, jibe with the location of the digs; so do the islands offshore, the position of the nearby cape, and the long shallows at low tide. But is Black Duck Brook the "river" up which Leif's ship was pulled into the inland lake? The present watercourse is a tiny, twisting creek that can be jumped across almost anywhere. Both sagas agree that the site was heavily wooded — *some trees so big that they were used to build houses* —but there is scarcely a tree to be seen for miles around the settlement. How can the sagas' reports of a mild country, where cattle were left out to graze all winter, jibe with the snows and vicious winds of winter in northern Newfoundland?

And where are the grapes for which the New World was first named? The fact that grapes do not grow north of New England has long been a storm center of the "Vinland Question," leading some to circumscribe the search for *Leifsbudir* within the present distribution of grapevines, and others to change the identity of the Old Norse word *vinber* (wineberries) from the standard "grapes" to raspberries, gooseberries, red, black, and blueberries, and whortleberries. (It was this furor of ingenuity that led the late Will Cuppy to remark, in *The Decline and Fall of Practically Everybody*: "Leif Ericsson might not have known where he was, but he knew better than to name a country after whortleberries.")

Ingstad's answer to the issue is philological: That the Norse word *vin* can mean "meadowland" as well as "wine," and that the quality for which Leif named the new land was its fine pasturage. However, this term for "meadowland" seems to have been an archaic one even in recorded Old Norse, and to have gone out of use in place-names quite early in the history of Norse settlement. (There are, for instance, no Icelandic place-names with the *vin* element.) Other rebuttals of the "grapevine question" have followed a meteorological tack, arguing that the climate in that time and place was measurably better than it later became, and is now, so that there *could* have been grapevines in Newfoundland in the tenth and eleventh centuries. The argument is in suspended animation pending pollen-analysis of soil core samples from the excavation site.

"Grapes, eh?" said Hector Hedderson, one of the weatherbeaten fishermen who guided us over the trail. "Well, I 'xpect they could of been pears, now, what we calls pears." And he drew a word picture of a grape-sized berry with a blueberry's star-shaped fringe on the underside.

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"Grapes, now?" said the Harbourmaster. "I wonder if they could'a been baked apples?" And he sent his wife into the pantry for a jar of preserved "baked apples," small pale-yellow fruit constructed like raspberries, which turned out to be cloudberries.

Stout and smiling, he sat on a straight chair in the kitchen with hands on wide-spread knees, the badge of his office — a battered captain's cap — on his wild white thatch. His name was Bridger, or Bridges, we never learned which.

"Where d'ye belong?" he queried his visitor, but before an answer could be given he spoke sharply to his wife: "We'll be wantin' tea." She had the pot on already, but hurried past silent children and grandchildren who sat on benches lining the bright green kitchen walls to the pantry. No comment from her, though — women serve their men in Newfoundland.

The visitor said that he belonged to Boston, in the States. "That be how many days from here?" "We took four days," the visitor replied.

The tea was thrown into the boiling pot, and as it brewed the wife brought home baked bread, the "baked apples," and canned tongue with bits of its gelatin clinging to it; guests deserve special food, from cans. She began to introduce her children: "This be my daughter, and this my son, and my son's wife; he's my baby, she's the wife of him who's in St. Anthony's today." Her husband cut in: "I've had three sons and seven maids, six of them married and with children."

Secure in his world now, he tipped back his cap and told of his duties as wharfmaster at Griquet (which rhymes with cricket), a little village on the very northern tip of Newfoundland. "Every two-week comes the ferry, and I take out the cap here and go to meet it," he said. With the ferry comes food, mail, news of the rest of the outports on Newfoundland's west coast. "Once it was the only news we heard," he admitted, "but now we have the road, and people like yourself who come to see Lancy Medder. Soon the road will be paved."

He paused to consider that statement, then asked politely, "I suppose the roads are paved, down where you live?"

* * *

Back in Daniel's Harbour, Trevor Bennett brought around a friend, Stedman Brophy, an old-timer in the area. "I'm not an educated man myself," Mr. Brophy said, "but I do enjoy talking about these old things, these Indian and Viking things, with educated people." In his seventh decade, Brophy was building himself a new house in the village, sawing and planing inside the wooden skeleton while tarpaper temporarily kept the weather out. A leg of meat and a headless, fresh-caught cod hung from the rafters.

"Now I wonder about those trees," Brophy reflected. "When I was a lad, there was more trees around *here* than there is now. I remember when there was thirty and forty-footers, a stone's throw from the water, trees you couldn't get your arms around. The people up to the cove built themselves a good-sized fishin' boat out of those trees, just the ones they cut off the headland there."

"Sand movin' in, though, it kills the trees," he went on. It just moves right on inland. I've seen it almost a mile inland from where it used to be. My father, now, he raised cattle up the coast, cut down the trees for pasture. And those cattle trod the soil down — they trod and trod, and the soil'd dry up and blow away; then the sand come in where the soil was."

"If the climate changed," he was asked, "couldn't that have killed some trees?"

"Depends on where you are, now," Bennett put in. "Weather's different up here from down south. There's places in southern Newfoundland warm enough to leave livestock out in the winter."

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We left Brophy and walked from the broad tongue of land where the houses of Daniel's Harbour cluster, and up onto the gravelled main road. Bennett looked up and down the road with a planner's faraway eye.

"Yep," he said, "they're gonna open this country up before long. Gonna pave this road. Gonna call it the Leif Ericsson Highroad."

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ART'S GALLERY

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Pardon me . . . were you waiting to see us?

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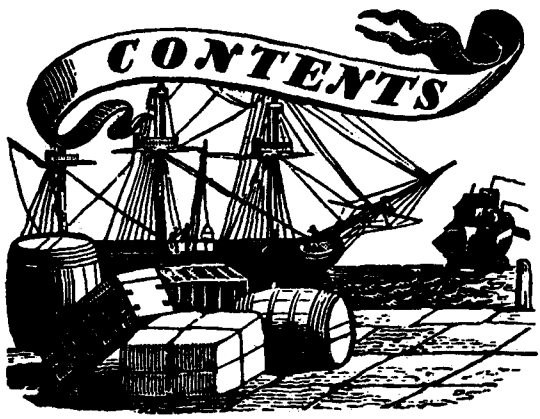

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